

humbug



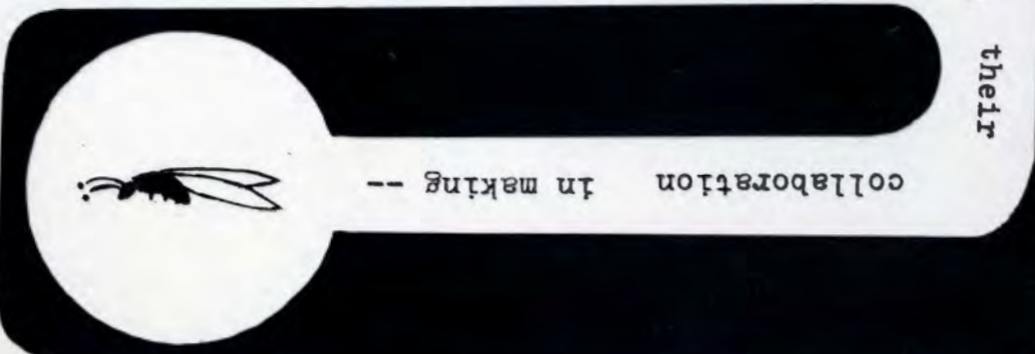
J.M.



left to right: John McCarthy Wally Padykula Rick Skinulis

Jaye Wright, Lyn Brewer and Judy Squires for

Helen Osuszek,



collaboration in making --

their

and Dale Mann ...

like to thank Jack Cooper, Bill Armstrong,

would

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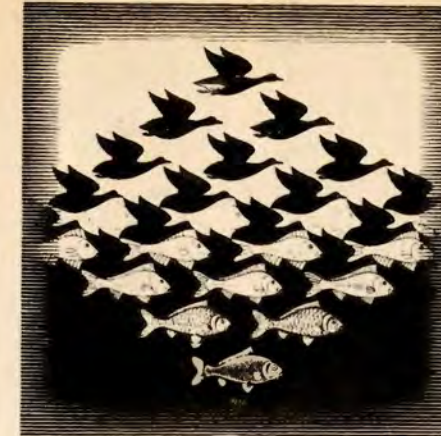
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All material for the upcoming Humbug should be handed in to the editors before April 7th, 1970.

Humbug, in keeping with the traditions of capitalism and the market state, would like to dedicate the following page to tasteful advertising.

Researching the files of countless advertising firms we attempted to unearth copy that was both responsive to the real needs of the people and devoid of emotional exploitation by irresponsible profiteers. This page contains a cross-section of our discoveries.

ECO-CATASTROPHE!



Wood Engraving by M. C. Escher

In the following scenario, Dr. Paul Ehrlich predicts what our world will be like in ten years if the present course of environmental destruction is allowed to continue. Dr. Ehrlich is a prominent ecologist, a professor of biology at Stanford University, and author of The Population Bomb (Ballantine).

[i.]

THE END OF THE OCEAN CAME late in the summer of 1979, and it came even more rapidly than the biologists had expected. There had been signs for more than a decade, commencing with the discovery in 1968 that DDT slows down photosynthesis in marine plant life. It was announced in a short paper in the technical journal, *Science*, but to ecologists it smacked of doomsday. They knew that all life in the sea depends on photosynthesis, the chemical process by which green plants bind the sun's energy and make it available to living things. And they knew that DDT and similar chlorinated hydrocarbons had polluted the entire surface of the earth, including the sea.

But that was only the first of many signs. There had been the final gasp of the whaling industry in 1973, and the end of the Peruvian anchovy fishery in 1975. Indeed, a score of other fisheries had disappeared quietly from over-exploitation and various eco-catastrophes by 1977. The term "eco-catastrophe" was coined by a California ecologist in 1969 to describe the most spectacular of man's attacks on the systems which sustain his life. He drew his inspiration from the Santa Barbara offshore oil disaster of that year, and from the news which spread among naturalists that virtually all of the Golden State's seashore bird life was doomed because of chlorinated hydrocarbon interference with its reproduction. Eco-catastrophes in the sea became increasingly common in the early 1970's. Mysterious "blooms" of previously rare microorganisms began to appear in offshore waters. Red tides—killer outbreaks of a minute single-celled plant—returned to the Florida Gulf coast and were sometimes accompanied by tides of other exotic hues.

It was clear by 1975 that the entire ecology of the ocean was changing. A few types of phytoplankton were becoming resistant to chlorinated hydrocarbons and were gaining the upper hand. Changes in the phytoplankton community led

inevitably to changes in the community of zooplankton, the tiny animals which eat the phytoplankton. These changes were passed on up the chains of life in the ocean to the herring, plaice, cod and tuna. As the diversity of life in the ocean diminished, its stability also decreased.

Other changes had taken place by 1975. Most ocean fishes that returned to fresh water to breed, like the salmon, had become extinct, their breeding streams so dammed up and polluted that their powerful homing instinct only resulted in suicide. Many fishes and shellfishes that bred in restricted areas along the coasts followed them as onshore pollution escalated.

By 1977 the annual yield of fish from the sea was down to 30 million metric tons, less than one-half the per capita catch of a decade earlier. This helped malnutrition to escalate sharply in a world where an estimated 50 million people per year were already dying of starvation. The United Nations attempted to get all chlorinated hydrocarbon insecticides banned on a worldwide basis, but the move was defeated by the United States. This opposition was generated primarily by the American petrochemical industry, operating hand in glove with its subsidiary, the United States Department of Agriculture. Together they persuaded the government to oppose the U.N. move—which was not difficult since most Americans believed that Russia and China were more in need of fish products than was the United States. The United Nations also attempted to get fishing nations to adopt strict and enforced catch limits to preserve dwindling stocks. This move was blocked by Russia, who, with the most modern electronic equipment, was in the best position to glean what was left in the sea. It was, curiously, on the very day in 1977 when the Soviet Union announced its refusal that another ominous article appeared in *Science*. It announced that incident solar radiation had been so reduced by worldwide air pollution that serious effects on the world's vegetation could be expected.

[ii.]

APPARENTLY IT WAS A COMBINATION of ecosystem destabilization, sunlight reduction, and a rapid escalation in chlorinated hydrocarbon pollution from massive Thanodrin applications which triggered the ultimate

by Dr. Paul Ehrlich

catastrophe. Seventeen huge Soviet-financed Thanodrin plants were operating in underdeveloped countries by 1978. They had been part of a massive Russian "aid offensive" designed to fill the gap caused by the collapse of America's ballyhooed "Green Revolution."

It became apparent in the early '70s that the "Green Revolution" was more talk than substance. Distribution of high yield "miracle" grain seeds had caused temporary local spurts in agricultural production. Simultaneously, excellent weather had produced record harvests. The combination permitted bureaucrats, especially in the United States Department of Agriculture and the Agency for International Development (AID), to reverse their previous pessimism and indulge in an outburst of optimistic propaganda about staving off famine. They raved about the approaching transformation of agriculture in the underdeveloped countries (UDCs). The reason for the propaganda reversal was never made clear. Most historians agree that a combination of utter ignorance of ecology, a desire to justify past errors, and pressure from agro-industry (which was eager to sell pesticides, fertilizers, and farm machinery to the UDCs and agencies helping the UDCs) was behind the campaign. Whatever the motivation, the results were clear. Many concerned people, lacking the expertise to see through the Green Revolution drivel, relaxed. The population-food crisis was "solved."

But reality was not long in showing itself. Local famine persisted in northern India even after good weather brought an end to the ghastly Bihar famine of the mid-'60s. East Pakistan was next, followed by a resurgence of general famine in northern India. Other foci of famine rapidly developed in Indonesia, the Philippines, Malawi, the Congo, Egypt, Colombia, Ecuador, Honduras, the Dominican Republic, and Mexico.

Everywhere hard realities destroyed the illusion of the Green Revolution. Yields dropped as the progressive farmers who had first accepted the new seeds found that their higher yields brought lower prices—effective demand (hunger plus cash) was not sufficient in poor countries to keep prices up. Less progressive farmers, observing this, refused to make the extra effort required to cultivate the "miracle" grains. Transport systems proved inadequate to bring the necessary fertilizer to the fields where the new and extremely fertilizer-sensitive grains were being grown. The same systems were also inadequate to move produce to markets. Fertilizer plants were not built fast enough, and most of the underdeveloped countries could not scrape together funds to purchase supplies, even on concessional terms. Finally, the inevitable happened, and pests began to reduce yields in even the most carefully cultivated fields. Among the first were the famous "miracle rats" which invaded Philippine "miracle rice" fields early in 1969. They were quickly followed by many insects and viruses, thriving on the relatively pest-susceptible new grains, encouraged by the vast and dense plantings, and rapidly acquiring resistance to the chemicals used against them. As chaos spread until even the most obtuse agriculturists and economists realized that the Green Revolution had turned brown, the Russians stepped in.

In retrospect it seems incredible that the Russians, with the American mistakes known to them, could launch an even more incompetent program of aid to the underdeveloped world. Indeed, in the early 1970's there were cynics in the United States who claimed that outdoing the stupidity of American foreign aid would be physically impossible. Those

critics were, however, obviously unaware that the Russians had been busily destroying their own environment for many years. The virtual disappearance of sturgeon from Russian rivers caused a great shortage of caviar by 1970. A standard joke among Russian scientists at that time was that they had created an artificial caviar which was indistinguishable from the real thing—except by taste. At any rate the Soviet Union, observing with interest the progressive deterioration of relations between the UDCs and the United States, came up with a solution. It had recently developed what it claimed was the ideal insecticide, a highly lethal chlorinated hydrocarbon complexed with a special agent for penetrating the external skeletal armor of insects. Announcing that the new pesticide, called Thanodrin, would truly produce a Green Revolution, the Soviets entered into negotiations with various UDCs for the construction of massive Thanodrin factories. The USSR would bear all the costs; all it wanted in return were certain trade and military concessions.

It is interesting now, with the perspective of years, to examine in some detail the reasons why the UDCs welcomed the Thanodrin plan with such open arms. Government officials in these countries ignored the protests of their own scientists that Thanodrin would not solve the problems which plagued them. The governments now knew that the basic cause of their problems was overpopulation, and that these problems had been exacerbated by the dullness, daydreaming, and cupidity endemic to all governments. They knew that only population control and limited development aimed primarily at agriculture could have spared them the horrors they now faced. They knew it, but they were not about to admit it. How much easier it was simply to accuse the Americans of failing to give them proper aid; how much simpler to accept the Russian panacea.

And then there was the general worsening of relations between the United States and the UDCs. Many things had contributed to this. The situation in America in the first half of the 1970's deserves our close scrutiny. Being more dependent on imports for raw materials than the Soviet Union, the United States had, in the early 1970's, adopted more and more heavy-handed policies in order to insure continuing supplies. Military adventures in Asia and Latin America had further lessened the international credibility of the United States as a great defender of freedom—an image which had begun to deteriorate rapidly during the pointless and fruitless Viet-Nam conflict. At home, acceptance of the carefully manufactured image lessened dramatically, as even the more romantic and chauvinistic citizens began to understand the role of the military and the industrial system in what John Kenneth Galbraith had aptly named "The New Industrial State."

At home in the USA the early '70s were traumatic times. Racial violence grew and the habitability of the cities diminished, as nothing substantial was done to ameliorate either racial inequities or urban blight. Welfare rolls grew as automation and general technological progress forced more and more people into the category of "unemployable." Simultaneously a taxpayers' revolt occurred. Although there was not enough money to build the schools, roads, water systems, sewage systems, jails, hospitals, urban transit lines, and all the other amenities needed to support a burgeoning population, Americans refused to tax themselves more heavily. Starting in Youngstown, Ohio in 1969 and followed closely by Richmond,

California, community after community was forced to close its schools or curtail educational operations for lack of funds. Water supplies, already marginal in quality and quantity in many places by 1970, deteriorated quickly. Water rationing occurred in 1723 municipalities in the summer of 1974, and hepatitis and epidemic dysentery rates climbed about 500 per cent between 1970-1974.

[III.]

AIR POLLUTION CONTINUED TO BE the most obvious manifestation of environmental deterioration. It was, by 1972, quite literally in the eyes of all Americans. The year 1973 saw not only the New York and Los Angeles smog disasters, but also the publication of the Surgeon General's massive report on air pollution and health. The public had been partially prepared for the worst by the publicity given to the U.N. pollution conference held in 1972. Deaths in the late '60s caused by smog were well known to scientists, but the public had ignored them because they mostly involved the early demise of the old and sick rather than people dropping dead on the freeways. But suddenly our citizens were faced with nearly 200,000 corpses and massive documentation that they could be the next to die from respiratory disease. They were not ready for that scale of disaster. After all, the U.N. conference had not predicted that accumulated air pollution would make the planet uninhabitable until almost 1990. The population was terrorized as TV screens became filled with scenes of horror from the disaster areas. Especially vivid was NBC's coverage of hundreds of unattended people choking out their lives outside of New York's hospitals. Terms like nitrogen oxide, acute bronchitis and cardiac arrest began to have real meaning for most Americans.

The ultimate horror was the announcement that chlorinated hydrocarbons were now a major constituent of air pollution in all American cities. Autopsies of smog disaster victims revealed an average chlorinated hydrocarbon load in fatty tissue equivalent to 26 parts per million of DDT. In October, 1973, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare announced studies which showed unequivocally that increasing death rates from hypertension, cirrhosis of the liver, liver cancer and a series of other diseases had resulted from the chlorinated hydrocarbon load. They estimated that Americans born since 1946 (when DDT usage began) now had a life expectancy of only 49 years, and predicted that if current patterns continued, this expectancy would reach 42 years by 1980, when it might level out. Plunging insurance stocks triggered a stock market panic. The president of Velsicol, Inc., a major pesticide producer, went on television to "publicly eat a teaspoonful of DDT" (it was really powdered milk) and announce that HEW had been infiltrated by Communists. Other giants of the petrochemical industry, attempting to dispute the indisputable evidence, launched a massive pressure campaign on Congress to force HEW to "get out of agriculture's business." They were aided by the agro-chemical journals, which had decades of experience in misleading the public about the benefits and dangers of pesticides. But by now the public realized that it had been duped. The Nobel Prize for medicine and physiology was given to Drs. J. L. Radomski and W. B. Deichmann, who in the late 1960's had pioneered in the documentation of the long-term lethal effects of chlorinated hydro-

carbons. A Presidential Commission with unimpeachable credentials directly accused the agro-chemical complex of "condemning many millions of Americans to an early death." The year 1973 was the year in which Americans finally came to understand the direct threat to their existence posed by environmental deterioration.

And 1973 was also the year in which most people finally comprehended the indirect threat. Even the president of Union Oil Company and several other industrialists publicly stated their concern over the reduction of bird populations which had resulted from pollution by DDT and other chlorinated hydrocarbons. Insect populations boomed because they were resistant to most pesticides and had been freed, by the incompetent use of those pesticides, from most of their natural enemies. Rodents swarmed over crops, multiplying rapidly in the absence of predatory birds. The effect of pests on the wheat crop was especially disastrous in the summer of 1973, since that was also the year of the great drought. Most of us can remember the shock which greeted the announcement by atmospheric physicists that the shift of the jet stream which had caused the drought was probably permanent. It signalled the birth of the Midwestern desert. Man's air-polluting activities had by then caused gross changes in climatic patterns. The news, of course, played hell with commodity and stock markets. Food prices skyrocketed, as savings were poured into hoarded canned goods. Official assurances that food supplies would remain ample fell on deaf ears, and even the government showed signs of nervousness when California migrant field workers went out on strike again in protest against the continued use of pesticides by growers. The strike burgeoned into farm burning and riots. The workers, calling themselves "The Walking Dead," demanded immediate compensation for their shortened lives, and crash research programs to attempt to lengthen them.

It was in the same speech in which President Edward Kennedy, after much delay, finally declared a national emergency and called out the National Guard to harvest California's crops, that the first mention of population control was made. Kennedy pointed out that the United States would no longer be able to offer any food aid to other nations and was likely to suffer food shortages herself. He suggested that, in view of the manifest failure of the Green Revolution, the only hope of the UDCs lay in population control. His statement, you will recall, created an uproar in the underdeveloped countries. Newspaper editorials accused the United States of wishing to prevent small countries from becoming large nations and thus threatening American hegemony. Politicians asserted that President Kennedy was a "creature of the giant drug combine" that wished to shove its pills down every woman's throat.

Among Americans, religious opposition to population control was very slight. Industry in general also backed the idea. Increasing poverty in the UDCs was both destroying markets and threatening supplies of raw materials. The seriousness of the raw material situation had been brought home during the Congressional Hard Resources hearings in 1971. The exposure of the ignorance of the cornucopian economists had been quite a spectacle—a spectacle brought into virtually every American's home in living color. Few would forget the distinguished geologist from the University of California who suggested that economists be legally required to learn at least the most elementary facts of geology.

Fewer still would forget that an equally distinguished Harvard economist added that they might be required to learn some economics, too. The overall message was clear: America's resource situation was bad and bound to get worse. The hearings had led to a bill requiring the Departments of State, Interior, and Commerce to set up a joint resource procurement council with the express purpose of "insuring that proper consideration of American resource needs be an integral part of American foreign policy."

SUDDENLY THE UNITED STATES DISCOVERED that it had a national consensus: population control was the only possible salvation of the underdeveloped world. But that same consensus led to heated debate. How could the UDCs be persuaded to limit their populations, and should not the United States lead the way by limiting its own? Members of the intellectual community wanted America to set an example. They pointed out that the United States was in the midst of a new baby boom: her birth rate, well over 20 per thousand per year, and her growth rate of over one per cent per annum were among the very highest of the developed countries. They detailed the deterioration of the American physical and psychic environments, the growing health threats, the impending food shortages, and the insufficiency of funds for desperately needed public works. They contended that the nation was clearly unable or unwilling to properly care for the people it already had. What possible reason could there be, they queried, for adding any more? Besides, who would listen to requests by the United States for population control when that nation did not control her own profligate reproduction?

Those who opposed population controls for the U.S. were equally vociferous. The military-industrial complex, with its all-too-human mixture of ignorance and avarice, still saw strength and prosperity in numbers. Baby food magnates, already worried by the growing nitrate pollution of their products, saw their market disappearing. Steel manufacturers saw a decrease in aggregate demand and slippage for that holy of holies, the Gross National Product. And military men saw, in the growing population-food-environment crisis, a serious threat to their carefully nurtured Cold War. In the end, of course, economic arguments held sway, and the "in-alienable right of every American couple to determine the size of its family," a freedom invented for the occasion in the early '70s, was not compromised.

The population control bill, which was passed by Congress early in 1974, was quite a document, nevertheless. On the domestic front, it authorized an increase from 100 to 150 million dollars in funds for "family planning" activities. This was made possible by a general feeling in the country that the growing army on welfare needed family planning. But the gist of the bill was a series of measures designed to impress the need for population control on the UDCs. All American aid to countries with overpopulation problems was required by law to consist in part of population control assistance. In order to receive any assistance each nation was required not only to accept the population control aid, but also to match it according to a complex formula. "Overpopulation" itself was defined by a formula based on U.N. statistics, and the UDCs were required not only to accept aid, but also to show progress in reducing birth rates. Every five years the status of the aid program for each nation was to be re-evaluated.

The reaction to the announcement of this program dwarfed the response to President Kennedy's speech. A coalition of UDCs attempted to get the U.N. General Assembly to condemn the United States as a "genetic aggressor." Most damaging of all to the American cause was the famous "25 Indians and a dog" speech by Mr. Shankarnarayan, Indian Ambassador to the U.N. Shankarnarayan pointed out that for several decades the United States, with less than six per cent of the people of the world had consumed roughly 50 per cent of the raw materials used every year. He described vividly America's contribution to worldwide environmental deterioration, and he scathingly denounced the miserly record of United States foreign aid as "unworthy of a fourth-rate power, let alone the most powerful nation on earth."

It was the climax of his speech, however, which most historians claim once and for all destroyed the image of the United States. Shankarnarayan informed the assembly that the average American family dog was fed more animal protein per week than the average Indian got in a month. "How do you justify taking fish from protein-starved Peruvians and feeding them to your animals?" he asked. "I contend," he concluded, "that the birth of an American baby is a greater disaster for the world than that of 25 Indian babies." When the applause had died away, Mr. Sorensen, the American representative, made a speech which said essentially that "other countries look after their own self-interest, too." When the vote came, the United States was condemned.

[iv.]

THIS CONDEMNATION SET THE TONE of U.S.-UDC relations at the time the Russian Thanodrin proposal was made. The proposal seemed to offer the masses in the UDCs an opportunity to save themselves and humiliate the United States at the same time; and in human affairs, as we all know, biological realities could never interfere with such an opportunity. The scientists were silenced, the politicians said yes, the Thanodrin plants were built, and the results were what any beginning ecology student could have predicted. At first Thanodrin seemed to offer excellent control of many pests. True, there was a rash of human fatalities from improper use of the lethal chemical, but, as Russian technical advisors were prone to note, these were more than compensated for by increased yields. Thanodrin use skyrocketed throughout the underdeveloped world. The Mikoyan design group developed a dependable, cheap agricultural aircraft which the Soviets donated to the effort in large numbers. MIG sprayers became even more common in UDCs than MIG interceptors.

Then the troubles began. Insect strains with cuticles resistant to Thanodrin penetration began to appear. And as streams, rivers, fish culture ponds and onshore waters became rich in Thanodrin, more fisheries began to disappear. Bird populations were decimated. The sequence of events was standard for broadcast use of a synthetic pesticide: great success at first, followed by removal of natural enemies and development of resistance by the pest. Populations of crop-eating insects in areas treated with Thanodrin made steady comebacks and soon became more abundant than ever. Yields plunged, while farmers in their desperation increased the Thanodrin dose and shortened the time between treatments. Death from Thanodrin poisoning became common. The first violent incident occurred

in the Canete Valley of Peru, where farmers had suffered a similar chlorinated hydrocarbon disaster in the mid-'50s. A Russian advisor serving as an agricultural pilot was assaulted and killed by a mob of enraged farmers in January, 1978. Trouble spread rapidly during 1978, especially after the word got out that two years earlier Russia herself had banned the use of Thanodrin at home because of its serious effects on ecological systems. Suddenly Russia, and not the United States, was the *bête noir* in the UDCs. "Thanodrin parties" became epidemic, with farmers, in their ignorance, dumping carloads of Thanodrin concentrate into the sea. Russian advisors fled, and four of the Thanodrin plants were leveled to the ground. Destruction of the plants in Rio and Calcutta led to hundreds of thousands of gallons of Thanodrin concentrate being dumped directly into the sea.

Mr. Shankarnarayan again rose to address the U.N., but this time it was Mr. Potemkin, representative of the Soviet Union, who was on the hot seat. Mr. Potemkin heard his nation described as the greatest mass killer of all time as Shankarnarayan predicted at least 30 million deaths from crop failures due to overdependence on Thanodrin. Russia was accused of "chemical aggression," and the General Assembly, after a weak reply by Potemkin, passed a vote of censure.

It was in January, 1979, that huge blooms of a previously unknown variety of diatom were reported off the coast of Peru. The blooms were accompanied by a massive die-off of sea life and of the pathetic remainder of the birds which had once feasted on the anchovies of the area. Almost immediately another huge bloom was reported in the Indian ocean, centering around the Seychelles, and then a third in the South Atlantic off the African coast. Both of these were accompanied by spectacular die-offs of marine animals. Even more ominous were growing reports of fish and bird kills at oceanic points where there were no spectacular blooms. Biologists were soon able to explain the phenomena: the diatom had evolved an enzyme which broke down Thanodrin; that enzyme also produced a breakdown product which interfered with the transmission of nerve impulses, and was therefore lethal to animals. Unfortunately, the biologists could suggest no way of repressing the poisonous diatom bloom in time. By September, 1979, all important animal life in the sea was extinct. Large areas of coastline had to be evacuated, as windrows of dead fish created a monumental stench.

But stench was the least of man's problems. Japan and China were faced with almost instant starvation from a total loss of the seafood on which they were so dependent. Both blamed Russia for their situation and demanded immediate mass shipments of food. Russia had none to send. On October 13, Chinese armies attacked Russia on a broad front. . . .

[v.]

APRETTY GRIM SCENARIO. Unfortunately, we're a long way into it already. Everything mentioned as happening before 1970 has actually occurred; much of the rest is based on projections of trends already appearing. Evidence that pesticides have long-term lethal effects on human beings has started to accumulate, and recently Robert Finch, Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare expressed his extreme apprehension about the pesticide situation. Simultaneously the petrochemical industry

continues its unconscionable poison-peddling. For instance, Shell Chemical has been carrying on a high-pressure campaign to sell the insecticide Azodrin to farmers as a killer of cotton pests. They continue their program even though they know that Azodrin is not only ineffective, but often *increases* the pest density. They've covered themselves nicely in an advertisement which states, "Even if an overpowering migration [sic] develops, the flexibility of Azodrin lets you regain control fast. Just increase the dosage according to label recommendations." It's a great game—get people to apply the poison and kill the natural enemies of the pests. Then blame the increased pests on "migration" and sell even more pesticide!

Right now fisheries are being wiped out by over-exploitation, made easy by modern electronic equipment. The companies producing the equipment know this. They even boast in advertising that only their equipment will keep fishermen in business until the final kill. Profits must obviously be maximized in the short run. Indeed, Western society is in the process of completing the rape and murder of the planet for economic gain. And, sadly, most of the rest of the world is eager for the opportunity to emulate our behavior. But the underdeveloped peoples will be denied that opportunity—the days of plunder are drawing inexorably to a close.

Most of the people who are going to die in the greatest cataclysm in the history of man have already been born. More than three and a half billion people already populate our moribund globe, and about half of them are hungry. Some 10 to 20 million will starve to death *this year*. In spite of this, the population of the earth will increase by 70 million souls in 1969. For mankind has artificially lowered the death rate of the human population, while in general birth rates have remained high. With the input side of the population system in high gear and the output side slowed down, our fragile planet has filled with people at an incredible rate. It took several million years for the population to reach a total of two billion people in 1930, while a *second two billion will have been added by 1975!* By that time some experts feel that food shortages will have escalated the present level of world hunger and starvation into famines of unbelievable proportions. Other experts, more optimistic, think the ultimate food-population collision will not occur until the decade of the 1980's. Of course more massive famine may be avoided if other events cause a prior rise in the human death rate.

Both worldwide plague and thermonuclear war are made more probable as population growth continues. These, along with famine, make up the trio of potential "death rate solutions" to the population problem—solutions in which the birth rate-death rate imbalance is redressed by a rise in the death rate rather than by a lowering of the birth rate. Make no mistake about it, *the imbalance will be redressed*. The shape of the population growth curve is one familiar to the biologist. It is the outbreak part of an outbreak-crash sequence. A population grows rapidly in the presence of abundant resources, finally runs out of food or some other necessity, and crashes to a low level or extinction. Man is not only running out of food, he is also destroying the life support systems of the Spaceship Earth. The situation was recently summarized very succinctly: "It is the top of the ninth inning. Man, always a threat at the plate, has been hitting Nature hard. It is important to remember, however, that **NATURE BATS LAST.**"

The preceding article appeared in the September 1969 issue of Ramparts.

The Provincial Government has more power to stop pollution than Ottawa. Humber College must act on the responsibility that it has to the community and stop the profiteers that are daily poisoning our planet.

All information regarding pollution of our community can be obtained from:
POLLUTION PROBE, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

- Get the information -

-ACT-

THE PRISONER

by John McCarthy

Jesus stretched out under an exquisitely cloudless summer sky. He wiggled his toes as a breeze cooled his bare feet, and he inhaled a deep draught of green scented air. Before long he discovered that if he squinched up his right eye just so, he could catch the prismic reflections of the sun's rays off his right eyelash. He was about to experiment with the left eyelash when he thought he heard someone calling his name. The sound of the voice came to him from a distance, as if out of a dream, and he sat up and looked around. He looked around at the people that were sitting with him on the grass. Some were talking, some were wrestling in the grass, and some were just soaking up the sun. No one had called him. Perhaps... "there-there it goes again."

Squinting through the brilliant mid afternoon sun he detected a lonely, dot-like figure dashing helter skelter through the city gates. The figure appeared frantic, like a man pursued, and he seemed to be calling out... "Jesus... Jesus..."

Jesus cupped his hands over his eyes, like blinders, and scanned the countryside... Deserted! Except for himself, his friends and that insane, running man, nobody had ventured past the city limits today.

"Decidely mysterious."

"Jesus... Jesus... Jesus... Jesus."

When Christ heard the man's voice more clearly, his hard, brown features melted into a smile. It was Judas...

"Jesus... Jesus... Jesus..."

Judas dashed headlong into a knee deep stream, ignoring the man-made stepping stones that would have had him across in half the time. As the water crashed and churned around him, he continued to screech-

"Jesus... Jesus..."

He exploded out of the water and high stepped it through the long yel-

low grass. Christ and his small assemblage waited patiently for him to arrive. They knew the ways of Judas too well to be fooled by his melodramatic outbursts. When he arrived his hair was shooting off in all directions skyward, his beard was dripping with sweat and stream water, and his mouth had stopped working.

"JE.....JE...JE..YOU..YO..YO.... TEMP..TEMP..."

Jesus winked at the twenty who sat with him on the hillside and looked up

"You know what the trouble with you is Judas," he said seriously, "You never get excited about things."

Everyone roared and slapped their knees and clapped and Judas scowled at them.

"If..ff..If..YOU KNEW WH..WH..WH..."

They laughed again. Judas was enraged past speech. Jesus shoved his long brown hair back over his shoulders, and stood up. He placed his hand on Judas' shoulder and, lead him off to one side.

"I'm sorry if I offended you Judas. I was just kidding."

"That's alright Lord. You have the right. You're the leader. It's those other bastards that bother me. They aren't anything. How do they get off talking. It's O.K. for you, your the leader."

Jesus felt the fear and the anger rise inside him and he squeezed his hands into fists.

"Why do they do this? Why in God's name do they always do this."

He forced the question out of his mind and turned to hear the news that Judas felt was so important.

"Lord, it's the merchants."

Jesus automatically turned to face the city. Jerusalem glowed white in the heat of the day, and looked like a massive mirage that might disappear if tried to touch it. If you get close enough to touch it. He kept gazing at the city as he spoke.

"Judas you must learn to be patient with the business men. If they don't bother us then we may as well not bother them. Don't look for trouble."

"No, Lord, you don't understand! They've moved all their wares into the temple! The people came to pray and they were there, screaming and yelling and selling all their shit...right there in the temple!"

"And what did the people do?"

"Nothing Lord."

"Nothing? Why?"

"Well, Lord, you see, nobody knew quite what to do. The business men kept saying that the people had no right there, because they paid the taxes that kept the temple going and all. They kept saying that they paid the money for the temple so they could do what they bloody well wanted with it, and that you and your band of bums weren't fit to..."

Jesus still stared at the city. His voice sounded strangely distant, as if he were not talking to Judas at all, but to himself.

"And what would you have me do?"

"Well Lord, I don't know. Everybody just said, 'Go to the master'...so I ran right over. Lord, you've got to do something about those assholes! They said we didn't have the right to..."

Jesus was not listening. He closed his eyes against the glare of the sun and turned his face up to the warm sky. The day was growing hot. He bent down on one knee and picked a piece of long grass to chew on while he thought. He turned and looked at the twenty that had followed him from the city that morning. They rolled and played in the grass, throwing each other around like huge stuffed dolls and the laughed in the peaceful grace of the day. Jesus shook his head and sighed.

"Judas."

"Yes, Lord."

"Will you do me a favour?"

"What, Lord?"

"I'm going into the city for a while and I'd like you to tell those people that I'll be back before dusk. Tell them I'll bring some wine and food from the city and we'll talk by starlight. You wait with them."

Judas snapped to attention.

"Yes Lord. Is there anything else?"

Jesus walked away. He didn't answer Judas' final question. As he walked across the field toward the city, he could hear the voices of the people buzzing on the wind. All of them were asking Judas questions.

The questions swam and gurgled about him as he crossed the stream, and they seemed to grow in volume the further away he got.

And what will he do?

Is he going to...?

Why is it...?

Death.

The sun was hot on his back and the sweat began to burn his eyes. He struggled up the slope that led to the pillars that marked the city limits. The questions still weighing on his shoulders. Finally he reached the summit and stood silent before the massive stone towers.

"Once more," he said out loud, "Once more, and then they must do it themselves."

He closed his eyes and frowned, and he felt the anger and the fear wash over him like a wave and his eyes burned and the earth moved underneath his feet. He quickly opened his eyes to get his bearings. He threw away the piece of chewed grass and knelt down at the foot of one of the oblong pillars. At the base of the pillars the Roman police had piled large varieties of hardwood sticks that prevented the wind from blowing away the sandy earth that supported them. Jesus chose the largest of these as his weapon. As he wrapped his hand around the stick, he felt the strength of the warm, rough wood against his skin.

"Just this once," he thought, "then they'll have to do it themselves. Then I will be free."

He stood up suddenly, flicked his long hair back over his shoulders, and whacked the stick hard against the pillar. Then he laughed once, deeply and heartily, and walked into the city with the club resting across his left shoulder.

DROPOUTS & HUMBER COLLEGE

by J. Maxwell

In the Humber College calendar for 1969/71 president Gordon Wragg describes Humber as not being "a school for dropouts". In fact Humber College IS a school for dropouts. Basically the term dropout is a descriptive referring to an individual who has discontinued participation in the formal system of education (this definition includes individuals who are qualified to enter university but have chosen not to do so) at a point in time prior to that established as acceptable to the system. This descriptive term has, unfortunately been defined in terms of a negative stereotype and it is to the application of this stereotype to Humber students that president Wragg is obviously objecting.

Why has this neutral descriptive term become the label for a negative stereotype? From the point of view of those who remain within, or have a vested interest in, the formal system of education, the dropout is a person who threatens the status quo in that he has apparently rejected the system. By defining the dropout in negative terms these people effectively reduce this threat by discrediting the dropout as a total person. In a sense the dropout becomes a scapegoat for those who are incapable of objectively evaluating the traditional system and adapting it to suit the needs of a wide variety of individuals and a dynamic society. In fact the dropout is a highly stigmatized because he symbolizes the failure of the traditional system to come to grips with the problems of education in a highly technological consumer-oriented society.

The following analysis (based on R.K. Merton's typology of deviant motivation as presented in Social Theory and Social Structure) will show that the term dropout applies to a great variety of people, many of whom may well be described in negative terms but many of whom must be described more positively. I shall not attempt to estimate the proportions of each of the following four subgroups of the dropout population but I do suspect that the 'positive dropouts' outnumber the negative ones.

The dropout is essentially a deviant in terms of the traditional system but one whose degree of deviance could not be accommodated by the system. A deviant may be defined as a person whose orientation to the values and/or the norms of the system is alienative, that is, he is a person who questions the legitimacy of the values and/or the norms. The values of the traditional system include education (with a primarily occupational orientation), an emphasis on sex etc. and the normative pattern includes the means of attainment of success through hard work, competition etc., essentially those values and norms that are appropriate in a system which prepares individuals to fill pre-established statuses in an ongoing society.

With the traditional system that the true conformist constitute a minority. In other words, most students are deviants in that they have rejected either the values or the norms of the system. The true conformist accepts the values of the system and sees the normative patterns as logically connected

to the value system. He is, for example, a person whose goal is to fill the status in the occupational system as the most efficient mode of preparation for persons wishing to fill that status.

The bulk of the student population is deviant and the majority of the deviants fit into the innovative or the ritualistic category. The innovator is the person whose orientation to the values of the system is positive but whose orientation to the norms of the system is negative. This is the person who achieves, or at least attempts to achieve, the goals of the system through means other than those considered to be legitimate. The emphasis on competition, for example, may be conducive to cheating on the part of some individuals. If he escapes detection the innovator may remain within the system but frequent detection (a sign of his incompetence as a rule breaker) may lead to his being forced out of the system in which case he will become a member of the dropout population (assuming that his rule breaking behaviour is not at the level necessary for him to be labelled as a criminal). The innovator/dropout may be seen as the ultimate failure in that his attempts to achieve the goals of the system have resulted in failure in both the legitimate and the illegitimate channels, his failure is further emphasized by the fact that most rule breakers are successful.

In contrast to the innovator the ritualist has become alienated from the value system but has so internalized the normative pattern that illegitimate behaviour is not a possible response. Most often such an individual has not been able to attain the goals of the system and may be seen as having been 'over-challenged'. His typical response is to redefine the goals at a level that he can achieve and to put considerable emphasis on the norms. Such people are not rare, they go through the procedures of learning and manage never to learn, their essays are exactly 1,501 words long, they may even do well in terms of grades if great stress is put on memorization and little stress on understanding. Such people generally go unnoticed, they seldom pose a problem to the system

administrators and, in fact, they may be falsely defined as conformists. The occupational system provides many statuses for which the mindless, plodding individuals are quite well suited. In cases where the ritualists' ritualistic responses are so intense that he is unable to meet even the limited challenges of the system he may be spat out and so become part of the dropout population.

Individuals who are described as retreatist are those who have become alienated from both the values and the norms of the system. Such individuals usually withdraw spontaneously from the system or become so withdrawn within the system that their ultimate expulsion due to failure is guaranteed.

Like the retreatist the rebel has become alienated from both the norms and the values of the system but unlike the retreatist his is a basically active disposition. The rebel threatens the status quo because he puts forward suggestions for change, the typical response on the part of educational administrators has been to put down the rebellion by either neutralizing or eliminating the rebel.

And what does all this mean for Humber? First of all it is obvious that our student body is drawn from the dropout population. In terms of the traditional system our students were either unsuccessful innovators, super ritualists, retreatists or rebels. Can these people be combined into a population with a common value and normative system?

It is difficult to answer this question because there are so many variables involved. What is required is that we create a system that satisfies the needs of a great variety of individuals and to some extent there is evidence that our attempts are meeting with some success. Humber's values include many of those of the traditional system yet our normative pattern is wider and flexible enough to permit many innovator types to adapt to a legitimate system. Similarly our norms do not conflict extensively with those of the traditional system and our goals are such that perhaps many ritualistic individuals can refine their goals and gain

greater confidence in their own abilities. For these two groups Humber provides a second chance to succeed in terms acceptable to the traditional system. In providing this second chance we must insure that our performance standards are kept high and we must accept the fact that not all individuals can succeed.

The key to Humber's success is those people who were defined as rebels in terms of the traditional system. These people to whom I feel President Wragg is referring when he describes the potential Humber student as a person prepared to accept the challenges of hard work coupled with the enjoyment of being part of a new educational community. These are the persons to whom Humber looks for the creation of an atmosphere that will be conducive to real communication and learning, an atmosphere in which true conformity will be possible for the innovator, the ritualist and perhaps even the retreatist.

The typology of deviance may also be applied to Humber in much the same way that it was applied to the traditional system. One may isolate individuals whose basic behaviour pattern is conformist (the majority), innovative

(a sometimes functional but at worst harmless majority), ritualistic (a group whose general apathy threatens the success of the college as a rebellious educational institution), and rebellious (a group whose new ideas hopefully will help us adapt to a changing environment). The logical question with which to follow such an analysis of Humber College is, 'What happens to the Humber College dropout?'

From the point of view of those who remain within or have a vested interest in the Humber College system of education the dropout is a person who threatens the status quo in that he has apparently rejected the system. By defining the dropout in negative terms we can effectively reduce this threat by discrediting him as a total person. In a sense the dropout will become a scapegoat for those of us who are incapable of objectively evaluating our system and adapting it to meet the needs of a wide variety of individuals and a dynamic society. In fact we will stigmatize the dropout because he will symbolize our failure to come to grips with the problems of education in an automated, leisure oriented society.

'What's the score? I didn't even know there was a game.' by B. Riddlé

When Dante, so many years ago, wrote that the warmest place in hell is reserved for those who are neutral in time of moral crisis, did he glance into the future and see the Canada of the 1960's? The smug silent majority that exists in this college mirrors the wider society that spawned them and with a shrug will dismiss Dante as a bitter Isolian who didn't have the opportunity to emigrate to Canada and get a good job building houses in Happy Acres. Don't get upset by this but I have it on the best authority that Satan and his boys have been working overtime in the lower reaches to build a large addition called Canada House.

Those in this country who see themselves as having "a piece of the action" will maintain that this is all nonsense because there is no moral crisis in this country. Let these people lift their faces out of their own little world

and take a look--a damn good look, around them. Poverty, inequality of opportunity, bigotry, materialism, regional disparity, pollution, and the sale of our very souls, not to mention our bodies, to the neo-imperialism of the American Empire. Each constitute a crisis that requires mobilization of resources and cries out for a solution in this country.

The turnout at recent municipal elections demonstrates once again the inability of large numbers of people to get off their asses long enough to even vote, let alone get out and demand solutions. To this point I am sad to say that I don't see any manifestation of intent by most Humber College students to go out and resolve the problems that beset them. Oh well, the first alumnae meeting takes place at 12 noon sharp, January 1, 1999, Humber Hall, Canada House, Hell. See you there!

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF Walt McDater by RICKSKINULIS

One day last week on his way to Kitty Hawk to cover a story he'd just got wind of, Walt (they'll never get it off the ground) McDater bumped into a group of Humber College students. After extracting them from under his left front tire Walt threw them his usual greeting- "Whats da scoop?"

They told him they were dropping his modern journalism course like a hot tamalie and were going to try to eke out a living in some other course.

Uncle Walt gave them a patronizing smile and a few words of advice.

"It's called work baby, it's called putting the old nose to the grindstone, it's called making deadlines!"

Although his cunning advice was somewhat muffled by four pounds of Double Bubble he was sure they got the photo so, jumping into his keen 1932 Andy Hardy roadster with the witty sayings on the side he was off, with the thankful shouts of the students ringing in his ears - "Up against the wall!"

However, the encounter disturbed him a little so he decided to seek out the council of that wise old father figure and diplomat, President Ragg. Pulling into the campus parking lot he

skillfully guided his car into the book store. Bursting into the president's office he began waving his arms.

"Stop the presses, STOP THE PRESSES!"

"What's up?" asked Ragg, enviously eyeing Walts' sharp zoot suit and pants with the six inch cuffs and the sixty-two inch seat worn under a very chic three-quarter grum plastic Trudeau coat with matching pointy toed shoes and white socks.

"I'll ask the questions" snapped Walt, spinning his 18" gold watch fob engraved with the words:

"I love my wife, but oh you kid."

"Have a seat" offered Ragg.

"Just the facts" quipped Walt as he missed the chair by a foot and landed on the floor with a dull KEERSMASH!

"McDater, shmuck, try taking off those dumb sunglasses".

Ignoring this Walt came directly and consicely to the point.

"Pres, I'm going to come directly and consicely to the point. Off the record the students are disgruntled with the set-up, especially the General Arts students, but don't quote me".

"General what students?"

"Arts, arts, General Arts!"

"I didn't even know there was such a thing", confessed the president. "Are you sure you're not talking about Seneca?"

"They're called Humber students, @\$#%\$&*\$\$°!" hissed Walt through clenched teeth, his eyes crossing and his ears reddening.

"All right, all right, look into it then. Maybe they're just not getting well balanced meals. Oh, and Walt, do try and do something about the colour of your ears, it frightens the children."

"All reet, all reet Jackson, slip me some skin daddy-o", answered Walt.

"Oh you hipster you" laughed Ragg approvingly.

"And Walt, I want a full report on this, my students might be being influenced by some of those radical teenage agitators like Abbie Hoffman, Eldridge Cleaver and Bill Riddle."

Walts' next stop was the journalism room. As he strutted in he felt the familiar glow he got from knowing he was idolized by his students.



"Extra, Extra!" he shouted, ducking a poorly aimed Gestetner.

Backing out into the hall he saw fearless freddie Manson, chairman of the General Arts division and leader of that emerging political force, The New Middle. Freddie was coming from a meeting of the General Arts Irrelevance Committee where the questions of student power, representation and College direction were put forward. Not even bothering to get up from his chair Freddie had stormed out, determined to improve the quality of the coffee in the cafeteria.

Upon spying Ken Stag following Freddie, Walt, with a mischevious grin on his pixy face snuck up behind him and whispered an obscene remark in his ear: "Rules are made to be broken".

With a rolling of eyeballs, raising of eyebrows, vague mutterings and an altogether very hurt look on his face, Ken crumpled to the floor.

Pleased with himself our roving reporter bounced down toward the cafeteria, snapping his fingers to the tune of One O'clock Jump.

He thought he might dig up some thought-provoking, controversial copy for his weekly syndicated column-"Ain't Life Grand". Standing at the top of the steps, he went through his routine of turning his head from side to side, his hands on his hips, acting like he knew what in the world he was looking for.

In one corner of the cafeteria a group of militants were liberating the coffee machine, in another corner six greasy looking individuals were busy beating a small anemic looking boy with jock straps soaked in brine, and down the middle a certain Polish blond with tits like Caddillac bumpers was doing a spirited bump and grind on top of the tables.

"No news here," Walt analyzed as he jitterbugged back down the hall.

Sauntering up to the buisness division to (as only he could phrase it) "have a look see", our jaunty journalist evesdropped on the class of a business teacher who shall remain, like his intellect, blank. Walt realized he was giving his now famous "you can't give anything to anybody unless youve got it yourself" speech to his students.

Pulling out a stone tablet and chisel Walt was ready for a possible scoop. He knew Bill was a great teacher (last year he had helped Walt with his arithmetic) and his students were always bright, inquisitive and alert.

"Wake up ya bastards" Bill yelled, encouraging them in their seemingly unquenchable thirst for knowledge, truth, beauty, and 9½ mortgages.

Flinging open the door Walt shook Bill by the hand (guy's got a handshake like a decomposed rainbow trout said Walt under his bad breath).

"Howdy Doody Walt, how's the boy."

"It's called reality and hard facts".

"Keep both feet on the ground and cut the mustard Walt."

"Dog eat dog and free enterprise Walt".

"It's called legal trade and pull yourself up by the bootstrap Walt."

"School of hard knocks Bill."

"Competition is human nature Walt."

"Ya gotta have motive Bill."

"If you don't like it go to Russia Walt."

Leaving Bill, Walt was exhilarated. "It's always great to have a heated rapport with a fellow intellectual" he thought. So he smoothed back his Cab Calloway Conk and be-bopped down the hall. He was moved to scat so he scatted: Zap uh zap, razzo rozzo ru, zeep zeep zeep ratta-u-bop, du zozo oo zoz oo zoz oo za. But his spirited Lindy hop was interrupted as he passed by Crazy Kat Keilman. Wialed Crazy Kat, "flippy Walt, really flippy."

"Natch, agreed Walt as he came to the journalisim room.

Back in the journalism bunker Walt, (without whom the news wouldn't be the news without the news) McDater, began lecturing his small but trustworthy group of merry journalists, each equipped with fake Van Dyke beards, unmatched vests and pants and a years supply of Wriggleys. The reason the group was so small was because last year Walt had swung into operation his "seperate the men from the boys" program which got its name from Walt's lovable habit of answering any and all pertinent questions by saying "Its time to seperate the men from the boys". He was justifi-

ably proud of this program because it worked perfectly. All the men had left leaving only the boys who were like Silly-Putty in Walts' hands. While his students were busy telling each other how good they were Walt put his feet up on his desk and, striking a classicly inane journalistic pose he leafed thru a recent edition of AD HOC. He deftly felt the texture of the paper, knowingly sniffed and tasted the ink and expertly sized up the layout. However, he studiously ignored the content, his policy being that if nobody gets upset it can't be all that bad.

Deciding to give out some topics for articles he called for attention in his usual flamboyant, hardnosed style.

"All the news that fits the print", he exclaimed, catching a well aimed Smith-Corona on the shin for his pains.

His inspiring topics were:

-Is there really a problem between the whites and the darkies?

-Are Jim Beatties sideburns getting a little shaggy?

-What well known General Arts dean was seen running down the halls yelling

"the sky is falling, the sky is falling"?

-Did someone leave the "Light" burning in the VP's office?

and for the real grabber, a full page spread on the U.S. president called

"Hubert Humphrey raps".

Feeling the satisfaction of a job well done, the zest for life and the pain in his shin, Walt doffed his Pork-Pie hat and started for home, his trained eye scanning the street for news and empty pop bottles.

"They're not going to listen to you man, you've got to burn something down!"

Barry Collins

A cold day in April

Over coffee

Humber College, 1968.

BLUES

"I don't have a past. I don't have a future. My heaven is across the street ...and my hell is where I am now." --Brownie McGee--Humber College Concert-

-Friday, January
, 2.30p.m.



**INTERVIEW
WITH
SONNY TERRY
+
BROWNIE MCGEE**

BY

mike thompson

Sonny Terry and Brownie McGee have left for Detroit after playing the Riverboat and Humber College. I managed to find out a bit about these two blues singers during their stay in Toronto by visiting their hotel rooms. Here it is.

I asked Brownie how he got his ideas for new songs: "I only sings what I has lived. I don't sing from no imagination, I jus' sings from my own experiences and that's the truth!" He gets some ideas by sitting on the beach at home in California listening to the waves slapping early in the morning, or maybe he'll wait around until he can work something out from a catchy line floating around in his head. Sometimes he buys the odd song from a young friend.

Sonny writes the odd thing himself of course but Brownie puts it on paper for him....Sonny can't see to write. Sonny has one eye that is damaged but he can still see some with it. The other eye is completely shot. When he was eleven years old he lost an eye from a sliver which flew of a stick he was beating against a stool. Five years

later a boy threw a piece of iron at him taking the other eye.

Brownie can't remember names or faces. Sonny can't remember names but he does remember a face and the circumstances under which he and that face last met very well. It would appear that he isn't as blind as I had thought.

I saw them a year ago and went back after the show to talk to them. I asked Sonny if he would play "Lost John" for me and handed him a b-flat harp of my own. He played a few bars then offered to buy the harmonica from me. I didn't sell it.

I visited Brownies place again recently with Garland Jackson (GAS) and gave Brownie the harp to give to Sonny when he saw him next. Brownie didn't

remember me, I was just another of his fans, but he said he'd see that Sonny got the harp. Lonnie Johnson, one of Blues' greats, was coming over Sunday, so Brownie suggested we drop by and meet him since he knew from talking to us that we dig the blues. Sonny would be there.

Sunday came and Brownie opened his door to us once more. I was talking to

Lonnie when I spotted Sonny sitting on the sofa. I walked over, "Hi Sonny". Sonny looked right at me and said "Oh I remember you, you wanted me to play Lost John for you at the club last year, thanks for the harmonica, sound real cool." Then he touched my knee and said "You're putting on a little weight aren't you?"

Brownie and Sonny don't share the same hotel room. Brownie says, "We stay in different hotels because Sonny has things he likes to do just as I have, besides when we get together I like to be able to tell Sonny about how I spent my day and you can't do that if you both did exactly the same thing".

When the two men are talking they refer to each other as "River". Brownie explained, "I've known Sonny for 31 years. I has been to his weddin's, I has watched his kids grow up, I done travelled with him all over the world, and man, our friendship never ends.. it goes on and on just like a river.. that's what he calls me and that's what I call him. I call him river."

They prefer Toronto to any other city in North America - they never lay over three weeks anywhere else - and they agree that it is the people, not the bread. They spend it as fast as they make it. They either send it home or give it away because they are always broke. That brings them back to the Riverboat.

They make friends here of the people they do business with, club owners and fans too. Brownie can stay up all night chatting with friends, eating, drinking or playing cards, but Sonny would sooner hit the sack. Brownie just grubs around till dawn relaxing with a glass in his hand. "I don't need no sleep but I gotta relax. When I do sleep I open a window and sleep in the buff 'cause y'all understand it just don't make sense to take off your clothes for bed and then get dressed again in pyjamas. I can't relax with no clothes bindin' me. I gotta be free." But Brownie figures that Sonny would probably wear a tie and shoes to bed if given half the chance.

Brownie and Sonny both feel uneasy with people who are formal, they like to talk to everybody as friends and their doors are always open. If you're ever in California, y'all come on by."

They keep scrapbooks of all their adventures and the average time it takes to wade through one is about a month. Sonny's wife answers all his mail, filing each letter as she goes.

From our visit to Brownies' apartment we found that he is a simple living man who likes to spend his time writing letters to his friends or jotting down the songs that are floating around in his head. He doesn't go for high-on-the-hog living although he is an avid party goer. He'd sooner stay in his hotel suite and fry a mess of pork chops or chew on a pigs ear. He shops at the Kensington Market and stocks his refrigerator with chitlins, and hogs' heads, feet and ribs. Brownie is a heavy drinker who likes his scotch from the bottle whereas Sonny prefers plain water.

While we were there we met Lonnie Johnson. It was Brownie who first brought the 76 year old blues singer to Toronto three years ago. Lonnie suffered a stroke when he was involved in a car accident during the time he was here. Since then he has been in the Riverdale hospital (room 415 in case anyone is thinking of visiting him) and he doesn't get much company. Brownie says that young people keep Lonnie alive. He can't pick guitar anymore, the stroke has paralyzed his left hand, but he loves to read and spend time with friends. No body has found out what happened to the money which was raised in a benefit concert at the time of the accident but today Lonnie Johnson is almost forgotten. Go see him.

The blues ain't nothin but a good man feelin bad.

Brownie McGee.

The blues is not just music. It is the heart and soul of people. The following is a personal interview with John Lee Hooker, world famous blues artist, by Terry Kelly, a third year Arts student at Glendon College of York University.

Humber College students had a feast of blues at the Sonny Terry and Brownie McGee concert here, last January. Humbug would like to offer this as an appetizer.

John Lee Hooker

John Lee Hooker sings the blues with "down home" style. Home is Clarksdale Mississippi, where he was born in or around August 1917. It is the same area, in the flat heart of the rural south, that produced such singers as Robert Johnson, now somewhat of a legend, who, although poisoned at 24, has had an effect on the blues that can still be heard. Son House and Muddy Waters also came from this district, and Bessie Smith was killed near here in the 30's. It is a place to be from, I guess, steamy and full of the dry earth and heavy nights that come out in its artists' blues. John Lee Hooker left when he was 16 years old.

He moved around a bit, then got a job at Oak Ridge Tennessee as a water boy, carrying water to the men who worked building the new town and the atomic plant. He used to play his guitar around the camp at night. He played then the style he plays now, and he learned it from his stepfather, Will Moore. This is what he has today, a "strictly down home style" that he says is "more deep". When you listen to a John Lee Hooker record you can hear Will Moore, and perhaps other bluesmen who haven't been recorded.

From Oak Ridge Hooker went to Cincinatti, where he spent the war years. He left Cincinatti for Detroit, where he started working at a war plant. There were more places to play in Detroit then, along Hastings Street, than there are now, but as John said, "they wasn't payin' as much money."

He "messed around Detroit and ran into a fella name a Elmra Barber," who had heard him play. Elmra Barber had a record shop on Lafayette, 609 Lafayette Street. John used to go down there every night. They would sit around the back of Elmra's record shop and play. There were "drinks, wine and beer, on the table." John cut a tape back there in Elmra's office, called

Boogie Chillin. It was cut on a dub, there were no real tapes, and Elmra carried it down to Sensation records. They heard it and liked it. Someone said, "Oh yea, this kid's got a tremendous voice". He was recorded. Sometimes, if he was offered a "big piece of money" to record for other companies, he would use other names. There have been records released with Texas Slim, The Boogie Man, Birmingham Sam and his Magic Guitar, and on all of them the magic guitar was John Lee Hooker's.

He never worked in a factory again. Playing the blues in clubs every night, was the start. He has recorded a record a year since then, often many more, sometimes alone, sometimes with a back-up group. There is more push with a band, a "good blues band", and he prefers to perform with one.

For ten years his blues appealed strictly to blacks. It was race music. In the last ten years it has, as he said, "really broke out among all nationalities, especially the kids. The kids really take to the blues. I mean I enjoy playin' for young kids. They really dig it better than the grown-

up peoples. I can't understand. They really know what's happenin' with the blues."

Now he tours Europe. Having been to Europe more than any other blues artist, he likes the way "the blues is really big over there", but he doesn't like England: "The food's bad, the weather's bad, and you can't get good fried chicken". I talked to him at the Waldorf where he always stays when he is in Toronto because they have a kitchen there and he loves to cook. I went up about six o'clock on a Friday night and the living room of the suite was as dim as the late fall darkness outside. He was in the bedroom, watching T.V. lying with his arms across the sheets, his arm defined but looking smooth. Some cough syrup and an empty beer bottle stood beside the bed. It was more a conversation than an interview. He stutters sometimes, and his strong friendly smile shows short, broken front teeth. This is what he said about certain things I wanted to know.

On Travelling: "Do you like it?"

"Yea. Sometimes, some places. Some places I don't really enjoy. That's when it's miserable. There's some places that you go that you just-- you know what I mean. Now you, you ain't got to stay there in your position. Sometimes I got to stay two and three weeks in a place I--well the money's nice, but that ain't everything." He laughed. "Sometimes you like the peoples. They ain't as friendly in some places. One night stands, it's rough."

"What about B.B. King? Didn't he do something like 340 one night stands in a row?"

"Yea. I couldn't do that."

"You couldn't, eh?"

"I WOULDN'T attempt to do it. I wouldn't do it", and he leaned up and had a drink of cough syrup, "I'm not that pressed for money, good God;" and he coughed, but said it wouldn't bother his singing.

On Loneliness: "At one time I had a wife," he said, "but you know, I ain't no more. That's where you got to learn to cook for yourself."

"You're not lonely without a wife?"

"So long as - you pretty happy when you do. But it's a lot of time when you got one you on the road a lot. You

got one and you ain't got one." We laughed. "Most time she's home. So no, it don't bother me. I'm not lonely."

"As long as you got friends where you go, eh?"

"Oh yea. I always be back home. I don't never be away from home too long. I be away maybe a week, two weeks."

"Doesn't it bother you coming back to hotel rooms night after night?"

"You would, eh? Maybe you ain't used to it."

"But you don't mind it?"

"Naw, I come home and go to bed. But you don't get kinda lonely sometimes. But sometimes I want to be alone to rest. I just come in and watch T.V. When I go to sleep it keeps me company. Most times I got somebody with me. I got a chauffeur you know. This time he ain't comin with me. I usually take a couple a people with me all the time. Most time I get lonely when I'm overseas. Peoples nice over there but it's not like back this-a-way. I like the United States and Canada. When you in Canada you practically in the United States. You know what I mean. You ain't too far."

On the Blues: "Once you recorded with the Vandellas didn't you?"

"Yea."

"Was that just to get a little bit of the soul market?"

"Yea. Now speakin' of soul. I'm glad you asked that."

"You've been waiting?" (I hoped it wasn't a set speech but it wasn't and I believed him. He talked of his art.)

"The blues tells a story of peoples life, of what people went through, the life that they livin, what they goin' through. You listen to the words. That tremendous sound, the beat the blues got. It really gets into you. Maybe it ain't happened to you, but you KNOW what it's talkin' about."

"Who's your favorite singer of the blues?"

"Well, they all good but everybody got a favorite. Little Walter. Before he died."

"What were you saying about soul?"

"Like the interview I made yesterday over the radio. They say soul. But the blues is soul. Pop is not soul. I tell you why." He softened his voice, less textured. "You see soul music," he paused, "the blues come from you

heart and soul," emphasizing soul, each word separate. "You say it with a big feelin'. Di-rect from your heart and soul. But pop music's happy music."

Everybody's jumpin around, they dancin'," he moved his fists in circles, rocking his shoulders, stretching smoothly the word dancin, "whoopin' and hollerin', that's not soul," (his voice higher, disbelief,) "I don't know why people call it soul. I think it originated from overseas. What we doin' is soul music. The blues is soul, because you got the blues, and you feelin' everythin. It goin' right. You see people with their heads down," (he lowered his head,) "and you singin' and sometimes when you sing tears are startin' in your eyes,

It's comin' right from your heart and soul. You sing 'em with all your heart and soul. And it's soul." He said soul matter of factly, finished. "What the Vandellas were doin', they call it soul. They did a couple of good things for me. It sold pretty good, it was pretty nice. But I prefer doin' it without the chorus girls."

"Well you're O.K. now, aren't you? You don't have to scuffle like you used to?"

"Oh yea, well now it's all smooth sailin'. I gets too much work. It's work, work all the time. Really makes good money now. It ain't like it used to be. The blues singers, they really makin it now. I'm pretty set as far as the money wise. I just like to do this."

When he was in Toronto, Hooker played at the Colonial Tavern on Yonge St.

"That's a nice place. It's not a tough joint. I guess you've played some tough joints?"

"Wooo-eee. Have I played. Them fellas starts drinkin'. They knockin' each other out. Mostly them fights starts over a woman. They never fights the musicians. Place I do like to play is the Riverboat."

"Oh, why?"

"I like Toronto. Everybody's listenin'."

Everybody wasn't listenin' when I went to hear him on Saturday night. Perhaps it was our table, distant, but where we sat it could have been any band up there, any noise. The parade to the can went down the aisle beside us. Chicks went by, sullen and good-looking, their skins softly pale only because of the flourescent lights. They were part of night clubs.

Now I didn't want everybody to sit and worship twelve-bar blues, but some of the small salesman faces, slick for Saturday night, aspiring to a cool toughness or a loud thick-shouldered indulgence, coarse, cheek-toughening smiles, caused an angry pity. John Lee Hooker had said he didn't like people who asked him questions about his life and other things while he was trying to rest at a club and have a drink. But at least they'd listen when he played and not pound at their own wit as they said "OK Chief" to the waiter.

He played, leaning slightly forward, tapping the beat with his heel. It was Hooker's blues, simple and base voiced without too much guitar work. Honesty in that beat, not so much hard as strong. If there was rage, it wasn't a hysterical frantic scream but a sure menace. Hooker is a slight man and as he plays up-tempo numbers he snaps his fingers and rocks with a deliberate power.

It can be pretty tough music. A friend who hadn't heard Hooker before said that when he hears that blues he wants to go somewhere and get beat up. But that was only a record he heard.

There is sex in his music and it's honest. "They likes it them soft songs", (they being women.)

The backup group, The Atlanta Blues Band, made a little too much noise for the lyrics and they weren't tight enough, but for the most part they were fairly good.

After his first set he came by our table.

"Hiya kids--you made down eh?"

"Sure did" I said, introducing my girl.

"He told me he was bringing you down. You name Sally?" It wasn't. "He

come see me yesterday you know" his smile wrinkled, "I was in bed with the cover up."

He hitched his pants up and left, walking back towards the stage. I really liked him. His high forehead tilted back, outlined against the light of the stage he drank a beer very quickly before getting up for the next set.



A. HOFFMAN GEORGE METESKY FREE

THE FIRST DUTY OF A REVOLUTIONARY IS NOT TO GET CAUGHT. I discovered how to survive in the chaos in Chicago. Use disguises, use different names, when you want to take care of business ditch your followers, bodyguards, reporters and establish good alibis. Reject all references to yourself as a leader. If you have to exert leadership let it be natural, arising out of the situation rather than your past history. The enemy always goes after the leaders. You should adopt the attitude that survival is the principal goal of the vanguard. You should avoid going to jail at all cost. If you are caught and put in jail, it is your revolutionary duty to escape. Going to jail presents people with the model of masochistic theatre. Getting killed is the risk involved in living a revolutionary life to the fullest. I prefer death to prison.

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MAINTAIN A SENSE OF HUMOR. People who take themselves too seriously are power-crazy. If they win it will be haircuts for all. BEWARE of POWER FREAKS.

* * * *

ALWAYS USE THE SYMBOLS, PROPS, DRESS AND LANGUAGE OF THE PEOPLE YOU ARE WORKING WITH. Never impose your language on people you wish to reach. If you are working on the street do not talk of imperialism, participatory democracy, or affinity groups. Save that for college seminars. Talk to the guys about getting fucked by the boss, having a say in things, getting laid, and gangs. How would you like to be known as the kid who got kicked out of your affinity group?

* * * *

IN A REVOLUTION, AS IN POOL HUSTLING, ONE SHOULD USE ONLY AS MUCH FORCE AS IS NECESSARY TO PROVE ONE'S POINT, NO MORE, NO LESS. The reason the U.S. Government will lose in Vietnam and that Daley lost in Chicago is because they overact. As the militarists would put it, they adopt a policy of overkill. When that happens they begin to devour themselves. Incidents such as police clubbing Hugh Hefner are not unlike B52's bombing American Marines with napalm. Neither the NLF nor the Yippies work that way, we never eat our own.

* * * *

WE CAN ONLY HAVE A REVOLUTION BASED ON TRUST. One day in Chicago I got a message from a group in Minneapolis that one of my closest friends was an FBI agent. They furnished me with background material and an alias he was supposed to have used there and in Milwaukee. That night I saw him and called him by his alias. "Hey Scott," I said. He didn't respond. I went up to him and handed him the note I had received. "Burn it," I said. He gave me some LSD that night and it was out of sight. It could have been poison, I guess. No brother will ever give you poison, even by accident. Continually search for and surround yourself with brothers, it is your best means of survival.

* * * *

NEVER EXPLAIN WHAT YOU ARE DOING. This wastes a good deal of time and rarely gets through. Show them through your action, if they don't understand it, fuck 'em, maybe you will hook them with the next action.

RUN, DON'T WALK, TO THE NEAREST REVOLUTION. Wear out your shoes, get used to being exhausted. Eat only what you need and stay healthy if possible.

WHEN YOU MEET A BROTHER, NEVER PREACH TO HIM. Only exchange information such as date, time, place, and so on. Always respect the style of a brother. If he is doing your thing, you should not even waste the time talking to him. Never preach to the already committed.

ALWAYS CREATE ART AND DESTROY PROPERTY. Become a work of art. Art is the only thing worth dying for.

NEVER FORGET THAT OURS IS THE BATTLE AGAINST A MACHINE NOT AGAINST PEOPLE. If, however, people behave like machines treat them as such. If a machine slips on a banana peel we all laugh. If a person slips on a banana peel, we help him off the ground. Our job is to line the streets of the country with banana peels.

THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE IS TO TURN ON THE ENEMY. Middle of the roaders, cops, mothers, everybody should be hustled into the revolution. Under the uniform (the opposite of our costumes) of a cop exists a naked human being. Cops don't like to work, and have sex hangups just like everybody else. Ask one why he bothers working for a wife and kids that don't respect him. Ask him if he's getting laid enough. Take a lesson from Tokyo Rose, she was a damn good pool hustler. When you are trying to turn people onto the FREE SOCIETY the first question you ask from them even if you don't verbalize it, is: "what do you want?" What if the person answers "I want to kick the shit out of kids like you"? Build him a boxing ring.

*Be sure to READ
MY BOOKS, REVOLUTION
FOR the hell of it, and
WOODSTOCK NATION
YOURS truly Free.*

REMEMBER THAT THE PEOPLE YOU ARE TRYING TO REACH OFTEN KNOW MORE THAN YOU. YOU LEARN FROM THEM. Last winter I spoke at a high school in Port Washington N.Y.. Two kids from junior high school, aged fourteen and fifteen snuck into the room to listen to the rap. At the end the kids came up and told me I didn't know much. I asked them what they were into. "We sleep outside each night preparing ourselves for guerrilla fighting in the suburbs," they responded. One of the kids had been arrested four times in demonstrations and was about to be suspended for refusing to get a haircut. I went to school that day in Port Washington.



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AFTER THE

Our present society is based on the principal of the work ethic. We are told that everyone must work for a living and that not to work is a sin and a threat to our entire way of life.

People work compulsively or through social pressures.

Ours is also a world of technology where people will soon have no reasonable excuse to work in the traditional sense of the word. The problems caused by this paradox are tremendous.

The work ethic of modern time is not just unuseful, it is detrimental to our changing world.

In Sweden for instance, their socialist form of government and their degree of technology reduced the need for workers and put many people out of jobs. They are well provided for and should in my opinion be happy to live in a country such as that.

However, the suicide rates for Sweden is the highest in the world and the Swedes are not satisfied with their lot. This has been proven by all sociological studies of that country, to date.

Their problem is their inability to adjust to leisure as being something good and fulfilling. All they know is work. They seem to be at a loss how to enjoy and enrich their lives. They feel idle and bored.

Every religion in the world speaks of a reward where man will not have to work. Everything will be given to them and they will merely enjoy their existence. Yet when men are offered this very proposition in reality they shy away from it and are afraid to accept it.

Josef Pieper, in his book, "Leisure-The Basis of Culture," recognized

this problem when he spoke of the difference between idleness and leisure. Men become bored when they are idle; so not to work isn't the entire solution. They must learn the art of leisure and self-awareness. They must learn to be independent and complete humans.

In the past, the ideal that men strove for was to be independent and self-sufficient. To attain this, they needed to work for a living. The better and more that they worked, the more things they possessed and therefore the criterion for independence was work and the yard-stick was success at this endeavour was possessions.

What we must now do, is redefine independence, success and work.

Independence should be a person's ability to fulfill himself and be self-sufficient on a spiritual level, not on a physical level. We don't put people down because they rely on oxygen to breathe because everyone is in the same position. Oxygen is a physical need that everyone takes for granted and it is given to us by nature. In the near future all physical needs could be and should be looked upon in the same manner. The only difference is, they will be supplied by the government instead of nature by using the technology which the people themselves have developed over the years and will continue to develop in the future.

Work will merely be what a person chooses to do to occupy his time, and success will be measured by the person's happiness and self-satisfaction with his life.

Work and leisure will be almost the same thing. Culture and our society will be interdependent and the work ethic will be a ludicrous joke.

REVOLUTION? BY KEN EDWARDS

COMMENT



COME AND
GET IT!!!

If the Community College system is indicative of the "new-age," as has been suggested by all its public relations blurbs since its inception then we can expect an age as inhuman and reactionary as the previous one.

If the Canadian education ministers dream of an age where people blindly and passively accept their society, and dream of an age where narrow competition and acquisition are the prime catalysts for human creativity, then there is no doubt that the Community College system is serving to implement that dream. However, it has been proven throughout history societies based on these premises are not the products of dreams. They have no vision, no imagination, and have no basis in the human spirit. A society can never survive in the shadow of this reality unless it becomes more and more rigid, more and more fascist and impersonal. It is time to create new myths.

Wars of oppression, genocide and the exploitation of the many by the few is the legacy of Western societies. If Canadian educational institutions continue to reinforce the rationalizations for these crimes then Canada will have to continue to commit the crime of silence and the crime complicity. Canadians became suddenly aware in the 1960's that the United States of America held ultimate power over their destinies. Now Canadians are busy buying back the body of Canada, but the U.S. retains a mighty hold on our minds and our balls. We eat its food, live its life style, retain its values (political and social) and most important, we accept the structure of its institutions. The most crucial of these imports is the last. Canada, in an effort to grab a piece of the great American Pie, has swallowed the American success story and is following its lead at every turn.

Most courses at Humber, and all the other community colleges throughout Canada, are structured along two American guidelines - hard core capitalism and the protestant work ethic. By hard core capitalism I mean that particular philosophy that insists that a society of free individuals cannot

function without the incentives of acquisition and narrow competition, and by the work ethic I mean the morality that teaches that by busting your ass at some job for five days a week and going to church on Sunday you can realise all your creative and spiritual potentials.

These two guidelines of society may have been "necessary evils" in the past, (as were war and polio), but we must remember that by dropping the Atom Bomb on Hiroshima on August 6th 1945, the western allies hailed the dawn of a technological revolution. This revolution has since given us the ability to realise dreams that historical philosophers and humanitarians could only hope for. These dreams can only be realized by people who are completely responsible and free, and who have the courage to abandon antiquated systems and values that don't respond to the dictates of the new age.

To reinforce the belief that aggression and tedious labour are tantamount to survival on this earth, an educational institution would be fulfilling its pledge to certain vested interests in society perhaps, but it would be betraying the human community at large. The Community College system has participated in beautiful and forward moving projects, but these are

few and far between. The colleges spend most of their time entertaining the tastes of business and industry, supplying them with the necessary components to keep the old system running smoothly. The components supplied by the colleges are efficient, well manufactured, totally predictable and when taken out of the box they need only be plugged into any system. No questions asked! But these components are also human beings - that have a need and a right, to explore every joyful aspect of what it means to be human.

Is the Community College system responding to that need, or is it irresponsibly sacrificing its members to corporate Canada?

Peek-a-boo Patter

RUMORS.

AP- A mood of shock and bewilderment has settled over this quiet backwater of academia. Early this morning it was disclosed that President Gordon Wragg and his assistant and valet Ken Stagg are indeed the same man. It was a classic case of arch villainy by that criminal mastermind Wragg. He not only collected two pay cheques a week but was able to infiltrate meetings throughout the College hidden behind the banal buzz-bee of that bearded buffoon Stagg. The revelation of this sin and corruption in Humber's Administration delayed the pogrom against several division heads and lesser bureaucrats, somehow fingered as being disloyal to "Le grand Gord".

LEGGY LIVESTOCK LIVENS LIBIDINAL LOVE-IN.

STAFF-- Positively all of the "in" people at Humber College made the scene at the latest soiree at the Pine Valley Ranch. Little swains in Robert Hall worsteds and ox-blood brogues tripped the light fantastic across the rough-hewn floor of an almost perfect (really!) rendering of a nineteenth century slaughterhouse. The event was in celebration of Humber's aptly named Winter Carnival 1970.

Highlight of the evening was the meat auction where seven Humber lovelies competed for the title of Miss Winter Wham Bang. While the capicity crowd dined on hamburgers sauteed in ear wax, cheap shoe polish and smouldering cat-nip, the bevy of buxom beauties displayed their charms on a rose-garlanded cattle car especially rented for the occasion. Seven girls, 14 tits, 14 buttocks, seven mouths and seven slaving buzz-bees all taught and expectant on the flood-lit runway.

A panel of five steely-eyed and clammy-croched judges in orange tinted sunglasses and Playboy blazers flagellated each other madly to the strains of "A Pretty Girl is like a Melody".

SUC president Beattie presented carmel corn encrusted ear-muffs to the winner and the two runner-ups. Grabbing each contestant the Prez tounged them deeply with a lingering, slobbering soul kiss, (I think he got a couple of waiters too). Overwhelmed by the thundering wave of congratulatory applause, belches, farts and snapping jock straps, the Queen, with glazed eyes from popping flashbulbs and exploding cherry-bombs, walked off the edge of the stage to her just reward. The losers will be featured at Dominion next week for .39¢ per pound.

-BILL ARMSTRONG



WOMAN'S

LIBERATION.

BY *Pat Jeffries*

Fifty years ago the privy council in London was up against the wall because a handful of uppity women were demanding the vote. Rather than re-write the constitution, the gallant gentlemen conceded that women were "persons" and therefore eligible for the vote in Canada. This concession took 3,000 years and it is totally ignored by a hierarchy still hung up on their jock straps!

The plight of women is often compared to that of the blacks, but this is not an accurate analogy. Fifty-three percent of our population has been oppressed for a greater length of time and to a greater degree than the black minority. In fact, it is preferable to be black rather than female on the U.S. job market. Statistics showing the average annual incomes in 1960 prove this: white males \$5,000 -- black males \$4,000 -- white females \$3,000 -- and black females \$2,000. Women, if allowed entrance at all, are paid less money and promoted less often than men in every occupational field. The fact that few people ever recognize, let alone amend, such glaring inequalities testifies to a brilliant job of dehumanization.

I realize that not all men feel the need to use women as a prop for their delicate and faltering egos. Unfortunately the enlightened male is a rare breed and his territory is obviously not the board rooms or the House of Commons where sexual exploitation and discrimination occurs. It is this curious mentality that spawned such sentiments as "a woman's place is in the home", the sexual double standard and the entire mythology of womanhood which must be confronted and changed.

Intellectual curiosity, creative energy and the need for self-realization are characteristics of a species, human beings, not of a sex, males. Women are forced to choose between humanity and feminity, a difficult and painful choice which should not be necessary. If a woman chooses humanity she is labeled an

aggressive castrating bitch by a male chauvinist society. If she opts for feminity she is adored by the gouchie gang but detested by herself. Women who deny their intellect, their creativity and their basic need to grow in order to conform to an arbitrary definition of "feminity" deny their humanity.

An unhappy and unfulfilled woman shares her misery with those closest to her, her husband and her children. A man who keeps his wife "barefoot in the winter and pregnant in the summer" is neither protecting his masculinity nor insuring her feminity. On the contrary, those "aggressive castrating bitches" are found, not in the business world or on the picket lines, but in the kitchen. This is where the real guerrilla warfare takes place.

Within the feminine trappings of the home Mrs. America rules with an iron fist. She derides, manipulates and castrates her man; she manages all the money and makes all the decisions; and she domineers and suffocates her children. Her husband will never make enough money nor gain enough prestige to satisfy her need for reward and recognition. Her children can never be close enough to her to live for her and to justify her existence. Obviously, one must do these things for one's self.

This problem is accentuated today by education, affluence and technological progress. That an educated woman would be even more dissatisfied with her role as a domestic servant and a reproductive gland than her Victorian counterpart is understandable. Affluence permits the use of all of technologies latest work saving devices which reduces housewifery, as well as the identity of the housewife, to a minimum. Now the emptiness and futility of Mrs. America's life is exposed; fears which were formally repressed by "making a cake from scratch" come to the surface.

It is not enough to free women from their suburban castles and to guarantee them equal opportunities and equal sal-

aries in all fields of employment. The social stigma attached to being female must be abandoned. Men sound like Southern biggots when rationalizing away sexual discrimination. Women are judged not by their skin colour but by their skin and experience prejudice every day of their lives and in fact grow rather immune to it. Every day a woman's intellect is depreciated, her talents overlooked, her opinions ignored while her dimensions are discussed loudly whenever she passes a group of men. A female candidate for mayor in New York was photographed from the legs up and asked by reporters, not for her political views, but for her measurements. She gave them her I.Q. Women must endure this type of humiliation because they are guilty until proven innocent, if they get the chance. Women are judged guilty of possessing nothing but their sex.

There are feminists' organizations, who hope to free women from the ovarian mentality mobilizing all across North America. Their tactics and ultimate goals are as varied and confusing as those of the New Left and Civil Rights movements. I can only comment briefly on a few representative groups.

W.I.T.C.H., an extremist organization advocates a violent revolution and condemns all relationships with men until the war is won. The Women's Liberation Front favours a non-violent revolution and a total restructuring of our society. The utopia of the WLF would be a bisexual society where sex roles, marriage and traditional family were defunct. The New Feminists and N.O.W. are more conservative in their approach to women's emancipation. As one member who disapproves of the "lunatic fringe" puts it: "I'm not radical I wear a bra." Pussy-Cat, a brand new addition, is the aunt Tom of the movement. They believe that "you catch mo' flies with honey" and all side-burned liberals have them.

The extremest, or frustrated moderate point of view is understandable but just not viable. If violence is not to be considered immoral it should at least be considered pragmatic. ie, the American and Canadian armies. The con-

servative groups, on the other hand, are not forceful enough for no one can hear their polite and intelligent argument above the rabble. Also the moderates ask for compromise when complete revolution should be demanded. Pussy-Cat, those women who hope to catch flies with honey will discover that flies still think that they are honey. The Women's Liberation Front, although I disagree with some of their views, is the movement which should lead the movement.

The complete abandonment of sexual roles would free both men and women and enable them to become complete human beings. A man would not repress his "femine" traits such as sensitivity and emotion nor would a woman repress her "masculine" traits such as her intellect and her creative energy. Arbitrary definitions of masculinity and femininity must disappear and people must become simply people. Masculinity and femininity are among the characteristics of a person, they do not determine those characteristics. A result of defunct sex roles might be bisexuality, the possession of characteristics of both sexes and the ability to relate to both sexes. I am not certain whether the W.L.F. includes relating sexuality to both sexes in their definition of bisexuality. I would not, for I doubt if this would occur.

The loss of marriage and the family as it exists today would not be a great one. Those who would mourn the parring of the institution of marriage might be reminded that in 1970 there will be more divorces than marriages in the U.S. A redefinition of that relationship between a man and a woman is needed, one which is not based on a master slave relationship and signed in blood. The family, as suggested by the W.L.F., should expand to include a small community. Children should be raised in a commune-type environment by their parents as well as by other adults of all ages. This has worked before, when we were more primitive, perhaps it will work again.

I often wonder why there is so much resistance by men and women to women's liberation. I have come to the conclus-

ion that the resistance is fear, the fear of being free to be human beings. Men and women suspect their basic humanity is of far more interest than their sex but it is a frightening prospect -- to be so free, to be so human. It is an idea that takes time to explain, time to listen to, and time to get used to. I hope that you will find the time, to become a human being.

The **BY** HTP Dale Profiteers Mann

One of the backbones of the "free" way of life is the philosophy of living your fantasies. One of the areas this covers is that of clothing. The "free" people have taken to dressing in every manner previously considered to be unorthodox. Styles range from early hillbilly to French provincial and the quest for newer and more expressive modes of clothing has caused the opening of many new boutiques to supply the so-called "hip" styles.

However, another prominent philosophy of the movement states that capitalism is a bad thing. How is it then that these stores which supply us with the type of clothing we like, marketed in our own style, have one of the highest markups of any clothing purveyors this side of Fifth Avenue. Is it right that we should support these capitalist profiteers?

They come with their expensively decorated psychedelic stores complete with appropriately long-haired salesmen, burning incense and eight track stereo, proclaiming to-- (from a Media One-Stop ad)-- "Bend the body, bend the mind, uplifts the soul. Soaring, reaching, breaking in a climax of light, sound and fashion." Bullshit! This is some of the most high-powered advertising I have ever heard, specially designed and pol-

ished to work into your subconscious and eventually resulting in an astronomical drain on your pockets. This type of advertising, like all others, works on human desires for sexuality, popularity and a feeling of belonging. If you buy their product you will be automatically hip, sexy, free, and with-it. Anyone with even minimal common sense can see that the logic in their statements just doesn't follow. But ads don't have to be logical, they have only to work into your subconscious and compel you to follow them. The "hip" profiteers are even more hideous than their counterparts on Madison Ave. in that they rake their enormous profits under the guise of a philosophy which is based on freedom, brotherhood, peace and love. Madison Ave. is an accepted part of a capitalist

oriented society which relies on consumerism to survive whereas the "hip" profiteers are out and out leeches living off the vitality and cohesiveness of a movement which is trying to reject the very things which the profiteers stand for.

The halls of Humber College are filled with such people who obviously believe that "clothes make the man". A lot of them believe that by wearing bell-bottoms and freaky outfits they automatically become "hip", creative and revolutionary. These people spend their time either socializing for the purpose of performing intellectual blow-jobs, or working to support their expensive habits in clothing and entertainment. They could better spend their time developing their creativity, intellect, and productivity as human beings. Supposedly creative types are stifling themselves by unwittingly conforming to the consumer ethic which the "hip" profiteers perpetuate.

Stopping the overpriced boutiques and their innane advertising would be a good step towards reducing the capitalism, consumerism, thought-controlling and useless work orientation which plagues our society.

BOYCOTT - CREATE YOURSELF.

Black Literature In A Canadian Context.

BY Leland Richards

When thinking of the Afro-American (or Black or Negro, if you must) literature elective in the Canadian context, an initial clarification of terminology must be made. Afro-American has literary and cultural effects and correlation that the ordinary mind would not see in the adjectives Afro-American, Negro, or Black. The Black experience is the metaphor not only of the colonial experience of nearly all ethnic minorities but also of the modern culturally alienated man whose past has either been a lie or a distortion of his reality and whose present is not ready for him. Such experience has shown Black men that they must bring to bear all their creative energies in order to create a viable situation in a hostile, indifferent, uncomprehending, dominant culture.

Afro-American literature seen in a wider view of Black literature serves as a springboard into Commonwealth and African literatures - both of which are particularly important to this country whose Black population is steadily increasing. Furthermore, the potential present in such an elective broadens interestingly when the elective content is viewed thematically or culturally. Such a viewpoint suggests: literature of ethnic conscientiousness (self-awareness or self-definition), literature of double conscientiousness (minority trained in dominant culture), literature of cultural revolution, post-colonial literature... All of which means to say that Afro American or Black literature is both literarily and culturally of greater world-wide significance than its nominal designation might immediately reveal.

Canada shares with the U.S. many unconscious but fundamental ways of operation (cultural presuppositions) about herself and about

the ethnic populations of which she is composed. This and other close relationships serve to put Canada in a culturally colonial position relative to the U.S. Non-Anglo Saxon Canadians are in a doubly colonized situation. The study of Afro-American literature or that of any formerly colonial people offers insight and guidelines for Canadians toward articulating their own identity and culture. These problems are being examined and solved especially by Afro American writers.

Instead of a mythic melting pot, Canada claims a mosaic of peoples. But, this mosaic may be as bad or worse than the so-called melting pot since, as Porter demonstrates (in the Vertical Mosaic), the non-dominant ethnic group (non-wasp) still remain at the bottom of the pile. The community would seem to offer advanced education education to those who for one reason or another are practically barred from universities which have catered primarily to the dominant cultural group in method, style, values and programs of study, particularly literature. The College of Applied Arts and Technology is in the unique position of being able to make its students from the various ethnic groups of the mosaic culturally aware as members of the nation-world and also as individuals ready to make important contributions from their several heritages. The issue of who and what the individual is and who and what a Canadian is must be examined. It is the colonials who are in, but not of, the dominant culture who will find benefit from Afro-American literature.

Discarding suffocating cloak of cultural colonialism is a notion emphasized in Afro-American literature and criticism. The Black man

is involved in a love-hate relationship with the dominant culture, a separatist-integrationist tension which is never resolved in an easily cut and dry manner. The truth and validity of the actual ethnic experience is not found in the dominant culture and cannot be expressed in that culture's terms. The Governor General's literary awards are not the rule of reality. It is this type of tension that other ethnic groups need to understand and struggle through if they are to avoid becoming merely second rate enclaves or collections of psychological cripples cut loose from their past and adrift in a fluid society. The study of another group's literature offers a type of cultural conditioning that enables minority groups to see themselves interacting viably with the dominant culture. It offers a self-understanding which fosters the development of the notion of ongoing heritage.

At this stage in history, the former students (colonials) are called upon to save and teach the former masters. Black people are aware of this on a world-wide scale and have consequently been articulate and skillful in focusing on these issues. It must be pointed out that some of the most vibrant, exciting and innovative literature on the contemporary scene is found in the writers of ethnic minorities, notably the Jewish and Afro-American. The dominant groups, the rulers of the so-called mainstream, guard a largely dry, disease-breeding, riverbed.

Of course, the study of Afro-American literature not only provides articulate parallels with the experience of other ethnic groups. but it also, in the community college, is often directed toward the socio-economic groups from which a great deal of racial and inter-ethnic prejudice springs; the upward mobile, the quails left-out, those who think they are in, and those who are generally ignored and put down by the dominant culture.

Such education should make these students aware of their importance in the formation of a truly inter-related ethnic culture. Canada is in the unique position of being able to prevent the hardening of ethnic and cultural ignorance into impenetrable and hopelessly complex barriers.

In Canada, the new thrust that comes from the mixture of ethnic groups has a chance of growing and developing into a model for others. The prophetic, incisive and visionary voices of writers such as are found in Afro-American literature can give guidance and enlightenment. There is found in this literature an inherent affirmation of the value of the outsider and the underdog. There is also a turning away from the often irrelevant or misleading "high literature" of the dominant group to a life view easily recognized by colonials. This type of value shift and literary approach should be appreciated for the richness that it adds to the understanding of one's own unique experience and the importance that it gives such an experience as the common property of mankind.

I would go back to the darkness and the peace,
But the great Western World holds me in fee,
And I may never hope for release, while to it's,
alien gods I bend my knee.

Claude McKay

THE BOSTON PIDDLER

IN THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF SLUMBER COLLEGE....



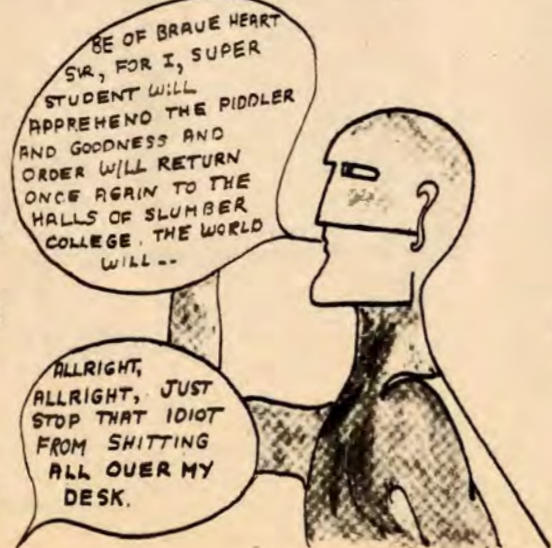
NORMAN NEMISS, SUPER STUDENT'S ALTER IDENTITY IS BUSY STUDYING IN THE LIBRARY.



HE DISAPPEARS INTO AN EMPTY CLASSROOM AND EMERGES AS SUPER STUDENT!



MEANWHILE, THE BEAUTIFUL NANCY NIURANA PREPARES TO IMMOLATE HERSELF IN THE CAFETERIA.



ED'S NOTE: AS YOU REMEMBER, WHEN WE LAST LEFT THE BOSTON PIDDLER HE WAS IN BLACK CRICK OHIO, CIRCUMSCISING GRASS-HOPPERS, HIS WIERD SPRING RITE. (SEE ISSUE # 52)

JUST AS THE FLAMES BEGIN TO CRACKLE A STRANGE FIGURE APPEARS!

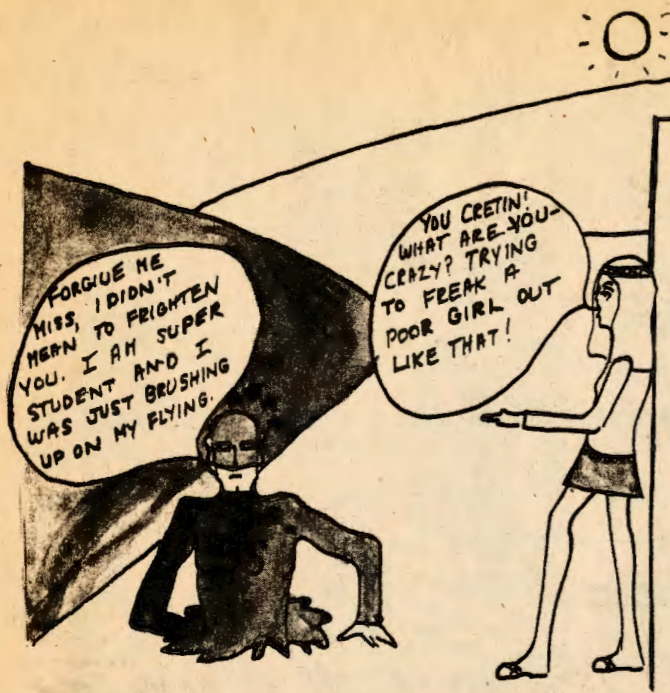


THE NEXT DAY, AS NANCY IS OUT ON THE ROOF TAKING A BREATH OF AIR..



SUPER STUDENT TAKES A COURAGEOUS LEAP AND--





HAS SUPER STUDENT TAKING LEAVE OF HIS SENSES? PERMANENTLY? WHILE HE CAUORTS ON THE ROOF WITH THE NOTORIOUS NANCY NIUVANA, WHAT FOUL PLOTS IS THE PIDDLER UNHATCHING? SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF HUMBUG.

INTRODUCTION:

Tell the river of Kennedy,
preach to it of Mao,
demand of it a name -
Cry out "I am"
and I will watch
as the bubbles break through the water.

Pete Walmsley '70

Two Step

Play me another one Sonny

'cause the last one did me a turn
and I almost had the soft shoe shuffle,
yeah - but two right feet

and all I cut

was a sterile strut nothing jive.

Can you dig it?

I still do the hamburg and a shake to go
and it's messin' up my head.

Nightmare #2

Put down your drink,
I've been groomed enough for one night
and I'm bein' dragged by my gig -
it's coming out frozen and stiff
like some sterile stud
madly pounding it to some five buck whore,
and her foul pale body and stinking breath
are choking me - like that's all I can smell:

And now you've got your hand on my arm
say'in lets leave then,
like you don't know
that we've been shitting on each other all night:

Listen, dig me -
I'm sick of this trash can
and you still layin' that poet
creative insight crap on me,
hell, that's a marble womb;
I mean, we're sitting here
really digging this social masturbation as I hid in the branches
like we've just discovered our asses without club or fire.
and we're going to fuck some life back into our thing;
you know,
as if nudity and four letter words will save us,
but what I'm really getting sick of
is watching Andy Warhol masturbate.

pete walmsley

wasted

your time is goin' to come
swore the crier to the people
for your own peace of mind
climb down from that steeple

but he couldn't...and he wouldn't
and that's why he's here
a hangin and a danglin
in the turmoil of this year

no...he wasn't killed for justice
nor was he killed for crime
he was killed speakin' out
his words smothered for all time

and one wonders why this happens
and seeks out some prevention
one seldom seeks within nimsel
to offer intervention

terry dubois

lance macdonald

Clutching, squeezing,
hotly, breathing
panting, ranting,
wanting, seething,
Hand on thigh,
An urgent sigh.
Now almost done,
Now almost won!
Please darling;
We really mustn't.

The Last Penny

Then along came Jones

With a bible up his sleeve

Stooped over the body

And squeezed out one more cent

sefton squires

in the winter

it's winter now...sleeping grey trees and lifeless skies
we don't get to see one another much anymore
warm summer songs and free green grass are only memories
it's hard for us to keep warm inside
when it's so cold on the out
though holding hands and happy smiles have given way
to pockets and solemn glances
we still touch and want to be touched by one another
if only for a fleeting moment.

love is sometimes harder to keep kindled in the cold
although the flame may seem to flicker
our clasped hands can warm its heart
and it will breath within us in the winter.

terry dubois

the tree

reaching upwards into a blue heaven
holding infinite stars
hidden from her grasp
in the day's discouraging light,
she is anchored to a seething sea
of hollow humanity.
her fragile limbs outstretched,
desiring direction,
are denied a reply.
and she can only bend
under a cold wind of suppression.
still she seeks for that beyond her reach
while carrion clouds look down...and laugh.

GALLERY 1

Artists have suffered more than writers from the restrictions of censorship. Important areas of human behavior and fantasy cannot be revealed in the fine arts unless depicted explicitly, and, in the West especially, strict laws and severe penalties have imposed a wall of secrecy around the fact that almost every major artist has dealt at some time with "forbidden" subject matter.



tom rose - watercolour

This article stems from the First International Exhibition of Erotic Art, which took place in public museums in the cities of Lund, Sweden, and Aarhus, Denmark, during the summer and fall of 1968. Based on the private collection of psychologists Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, the exhibition was supplemented by loans from museums and private collections. It included over a thousand examples of erotic pictures and statuary from such different cultures as India, China, Japan, Europe, and the United States.

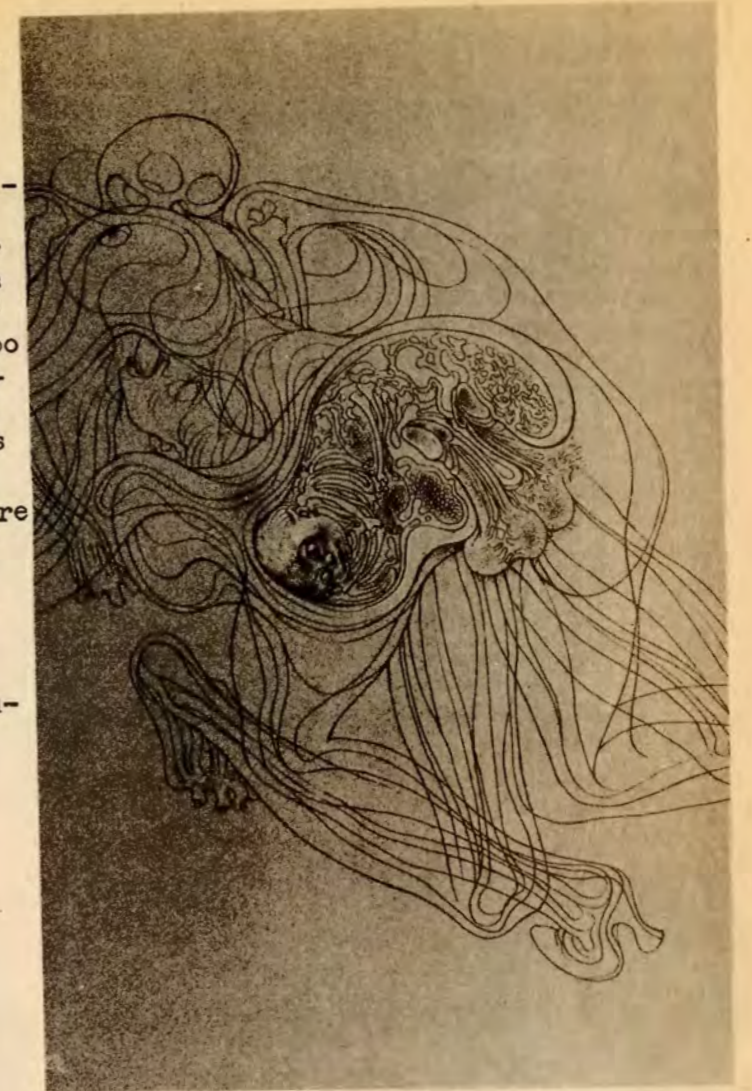


two bronze figures - ivory coast



silk scroll - ming dynasty

The historical significance of the exhibition lies in the fact that it was the first time state and city sponsored museums had dared to present a show devoted exclusively to frankly erotic art. In that sense, the exhibition testifies to the greater public tolerance and acceptance of sexual subject matter in two of the most democratic countries in the world. Its great popularity and success in these countries (over 100,000 visitors), which have virtually abolished all forms of sexual censorship and where consequently pictorial erotica is available at the daily news stands, demonstrates at the same time that there exists in modern society a large segment of the intelligent public which appreciates fine erotic art, not only for its sex appeal but because of its creative imagination, intellectually stimulating content and intrinsic beauty.



hans bellmer



fujita - from a series of book illustrations



rembrandt - the monk in the corn field



tomi ungerer - ink



wooden pipe - 1900



central india - 1830



salvador dali, ink drawing

The First International Exhibition of Erotic Art was not just an art show, nor is this merely an article on art, but a manifestation of the sexual and cultural revolution of our time. It is, in the words of the Kronhausens, "an affirmation of faith in the constructive life forces as opposed to those of violence hatred and destruction; a declaration of independence for the human spirit; a rejection of all forms of censorship and coercion; and a demand for the extension of freedom in every direction -- political, economic and sexual."

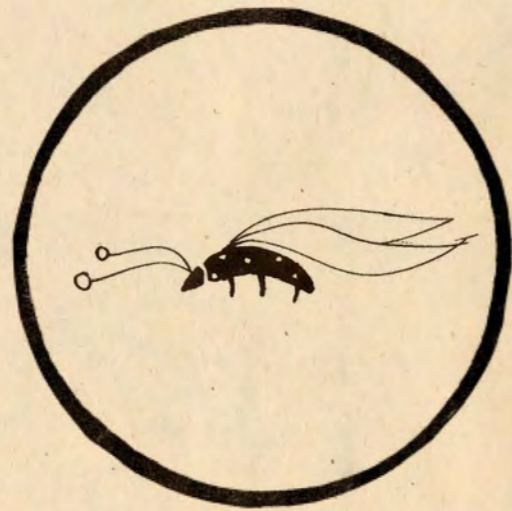
It is clear from the works presented here that erotic art is not the preoccupation of the perverted few, but of the creative geniuses of all times, and that it is meant for the enjoyment of the many. As modern society sheds the unnatural taboos with which primitive fear and superstition have surrounded sexuality, erotic art may yet become a mark of gracious living in the home and a vital force in the visual arts themselves -- perhaps their last still largely unexplored frontier.

CHILDREN at the exhibition



At the exhibition, what struck one immediately was the natural and mature reaction on the part of the youngsters, most of them from eight to fourteen years old. They seriously studied the exhibits, commenting matter-of-factly on this or that aspect of a picture. They showed signs of lively amusement at some of the most humorous and bizzare pieces; they identified by means of the catalogue pieces of special interest to them -- in short, they behaved in all respects as one might expect a reasonably brought up member of that age group to behave in any kind of art exhibition. Above all they did not respond to the erotic content of the exhibition with visible signs of embarrassment or anxiety. In fact the children and even the teenagers observed in the show seemed the least affected and most natural of all the visitors.







blue sex goddess - felix labisse